GREAT AND SILENT THINGS.

How silently the years, in long procession, Come gliding down the corridors of Time Oh! quietly they come and take posses-

Of our dear youth, and weigh us with op-

How softly Love into the heart comes

creeping How wonderfully low is her command at last!

She wakes the soul that erstwhile lay a-sleeping, She dries the eyes that were but lately

Revealing all her Promised Land at last. And Death! Oh! with a velvet tread she

And teaches us her awful lore and mys-Like sheaves of wheat are we what time she binds us.

And in a little sheet of whiteness winds And this is all of our poor history.

Oh! we who loudly cry our names in Across the mighty years, shall sooner,

Go humbly back upon the tide that bore us To this brief life, as men have gone before

Softly to God, silent to our Creator! -Charles Hanson Towne, in S. S. Times.

> Love or Duty? By HARRY WHITTIER FREES

E sat at his desk, staring at the unchangeable evidence before him of another's crime. It involved the honor of a trusted man and the lifelong happiness of a loyal and loving how kind and considerate you have

At the close of that day's business the accountant had handed him the an- for you could almost claim the right to nual statement of the bank's affairs. It told of many things-the bank's prosperity, its financial footing, and days swept impulsively from his lips as ended with the grim awakening to confidence misplaced. The cashier's ac- thing to make you happy," he said, alcount showed a shortage of ten thousand dollars.

The face of the man at the desk gleamed gray and haggard in the lamplight. As president of the institution he was bound to protect his interests. Policy alone demanded this man's conviction and his punishment to the limit of the law.

Such was duty. But back of it all shone the faith night." and happiness of a woman-the defaulter's wife. That spoken word which the room, and a moment later the man duty demanded as its God-given right at the desk felt a little hand steal softwould condemn her to a lifelong heri- ly into his.

His mind reverted back to those never-to-be-forgotten days when he had wooed this very woman-and had lost. Tearfully and tenderly, with true womanly compassion, she had told him of child to his heart, and all the lonelianother. With hope deadened to despair he had accepted and respected her the little arms clasp his neck in confi-



TS SORRY I CALLED YOU NAUGH-TY," SHE WHISPERED.

fived on-undimmed, eternal. The intervening years had only added to his Such was love.

And now his must be the decision. There could be no evasion. A man's infamy and its punishment; a woman's happiness and its protection.

Love or duty? The watchman entering the room aroused him.

"A lady at the door wishes to see you," announced the man, hesitating-

"You told her that the rules forbade admittance after banking hours?" he asked, visibly annoyed.

"Yes; but she insisted, and seemed sure that you would see her. She gave

He accepted the card mechanically. A woman soliciting charity, no doubt. The glance of indifference changed to closest scrutiny and recognition. God-his wife!

the doorway, holding a child by the margins cut off, the leaves rolled up

this time," she began, appealingly- to pronounce upon the number possiand he caught the note of sadness in ble to give without endangering his her voice-"but I wished to see you life, but he is reported to have set the alone."

He bade her enter and be seated. At sight of her, half-forgotten memories flooded thick and fast. The dormant blood of younger years leaped to his heart with a sickening whirl. He noted the calm, sweet face; a little older, perhaps, but still the same. The child at her side told of a new happiness—the help their mothers; to hang up their legacy of motherhood.

"I have come to see you about my husband," she confessed, reluctantly. "He has changed so greatly in the past few months, that I thought perhaps it might be his work; that you would un-

derstand." The man was silent, but the look of sympathy in his eyes encouraged her. Her voice trembled as she continued: as to other boys' sisters.—Woman's "He seems to have something on his

mind over which he broods. Often when I speak to him he does not hear me. Then, again, he will look at me in a way that makes my heart ache. Only a few days ago I found him with our little Dorothy in his arms, and the tears were rolling down his cheeks. He is always so loving and kind, I can't understand-I-I-"

She was sobbing, and the man at the desk felt something rise in his own throat that choked him.

The child drew closer to its mother. "Don't cry, mamma-fear mamma." Suddenly the little figure straightened up with firm resolve, and dar of swiftly across the room, and the at the desk became conscious of

little one at his knee. "You's orful naughty to make " dear mamma cry," she lisped, chokingiy, struggling bravely to keep back the tears. "I don't like you."

"Come, Dorothy," called the mother, gently, "you must not speak like that. You don't mind baby, do you?" she added, appealingly.

The man smiled sadly. "Mind her? I'd as soon rebuke an angel." For awhile he sat silent. He was

thinking how simple a matter it would be to tell her all—how her husband's conscience lashed him to remorse. How simple, yet how despicable. "I shall give the matter my attention," he said instead. "Perhaps your

husband is working too hard. His duties as first cashier are especially onerrous. No doubt he needs a rest. I shall speak to him about taking a few weeks' vacation, and can almost promise you that he will soon be his old self again."

She smiled her gratitude, relieved and happy at his assurance. Suddenly her face grew grave.

"My husband teils me frequently been to him. Sometimes I can scarcely fathom the nobility that prompts it,

be otherwise-God knows you could!" "Nan!" The old pet name of other he crossed the room. "I would do anymost fiercely.

She looked up at him imploringly. "Don't-please don't. I have no right to listen.'

He bowed his head resignedly before her rebuke. "Forgive me. I had less right to speak," he said.

She walked slowly away, and turning in the doorway, said, simply: "I shall never forget your kindness. Good-

The child hesitated as the mother left

"I's sorry I called you naughty," came the penitent whisper, "'cause-'cause mamma likes you. I likes you, too. You may kiss me."

For one brief moment he caught the decision, but God pity him! that love dence and love, and the touch of baby lips.

"God bless you, baby!" he murmured, brokenly.

The mother's veice calling the child sounded softly from the outer room. His head drooped lower over the desk until it rested on his arm. All the bitterness of his soul welled to his lips. "Oh, God, what hast Thou denied me!"

Through all the long hours of the night he did not move. Visions of "what might have been" came and went. The watchman looked into the room, and thinking that the bowed figure slept, moved silently away.

When he first gleam of dawn struggled in at the window the man raised his head. Opening a drawer of his desk he took out a tiny locket. The fair face of a woman smiled up at him from its rim of gold. For a long time he sat in silent contemplation of the for a few days. image, then with all the reverence of his manhood he touched it with his

Love or duty?

Love. That same day the first cashier was called to the office of the president. When he went back to his duties an hour later there was a strange new buoyancy in his manner.

Before the close of the day's business the president had transferred ten thousand dollars from his personal account to the bank's funds. She never knew.-Farm and Fire-

Ate His Own Words. Not long ago the punishment for libel in Russia was the requirement that the libeler literally eat his own words. A man who published a small volume reflecting on the unlimited power of the sovereign was seized, tried in a summary way and condemned to consume the objectionable words. In one of the public streets the A moment later she stood timidly in book was severed from its binding, the one by one and fed to the unfortunate "You must pardon my intrusion at author. A surgeon was in attendance limit at something like 200 .- N. Y. Tribune.

Our Boys Should Learn.

To laugh; to run; to swim; carve; to be meat; to make a fire; to be punctual; to do an errand; to cut kindlings; to sing, if they can; to hats; to respect their teachers; to hold their heads erect; to sew on their own buttons; to wipe their boots on the mat; to speak pleasantly to older persons; to put every garment in its proper place; to remove their hats upon entering a house; to attend strict-ly to their own business; to be as we guarantee a cure kind and helpful to their own sisters

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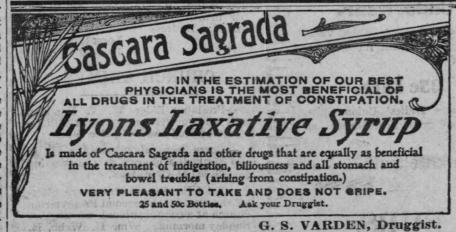
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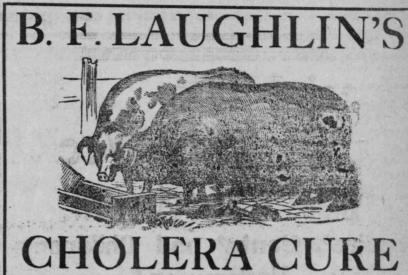


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